

A Town Called Holy Cross

By Roland W. Peterson

HE'D visit her in a town called Holy Cross
 She held his hand
 Led him through the promising land
 For hours they'd walk
Looking for the odd flower without petals, without
 stalk
He'd whisper to her he loved her more today than
 yesterday
 She did not understand love this way
 So he explained to her that every day
He'd find a reason to love her more than yesterday
 Then came the day he feared
 He was scared
She looked him straight in the eye and said, "I love
 you today less than yesterday."
The long snaked lines at the Government Tax Office
 disappeared
The wind blew faithlessly from the Northeast
 A hatchling Shoco lost a first feather
Everything changed except the weather
 Will time heal all wounds?
 Today she's set in her way
All feelings have blown away